HINGS HEARD AND SEEN!

"Now that oysters are in season," remarked an extensive buyer of them, "and people are striving, as they do in almost everything else, to get the best for the money they pay, they should not be quick to buy oysters on sight. The plumpest looking oyster is by no means the best, unless the plumptness comes to the oyster naturally. Some dealers have a trick of plumping oysters by which they make them look big and hard, when the fact is the mook big and hard, when the lack is the oyster is poor. As the magician says, looks are deceiving. The plumping is man-aged by what is called drinking oysters, that is, the oysters, after being shucked, are thrown into a tank of water and al lowed to remain there several hours. This drinking swells the oyster up and catches the eye every time. It cooks and tastes flabby, notwithstanding that it looked large and solid."

"In the early days of Washington," said an old citizen, "say from 1825 to 1840, the favorite places for circus companies to pitch their tents was at the southeast corner of 9th street and Pennsylvania avenue I remember Dan Rice, now an old man, and still living in New York, when he appeared first as a clown, when he was but a very young man. In addition to his clown act, he performed with a trained horse, the only horse in the show, by the way, Of the two and a half hours show given by the circus, nearly one hour was taken up by the performances of the trained horse Excelsior. Several years afterward, Dan Rice came again and put out his circus bills in great profusion for those days. There were no gaily colored circus posters those days, and we were willing to content ourselves with black ink letters on white

Rice's great claim for his reorganized circus, which he led, was that it was not a one-horse show. The performance revealed the fact that it was not, for he actually had two horses, Excelsior, and a horse that was used by all the star riders of the evening. each performer who rode taking his turn. This horse was also use I for the Pete Jenkins act, which old-timers remember with so much pleasure, and which found a place in every circus in olden times. Pete Jen-kins was an apparently intoxicated man, who stumbled into the ring, insisted on riding the horse and after considerable amusement to the audience threw off his disguise and appeared in circus tights. For many years the circuses were allowed to pitch their tents on Judiciary Square and the Armory lot, the city councils always giving permission.

"The peculiarity of the Irish potato, so called, is in the fact that it is not Irish," observed one of the potato experts of the Agricultural Department, "The potato originally grew wild in the fields of Chile, Peru and Mexico. Sir John Hawkins did not take it to Ireland until 1565. Sir Francis Drake took it to England twenty years afterward. It did better, however, in Ireland than anywhere else-and got its name no doubt because of its early and extensive cultivation in Ireland. Botanically it was originally known as the Batata Virginiana, but in after years it was properly identified and classified as the Solanum Tuberorum. As the winter stock is now being laid in it able to select good potatoes. Cut the raw potato in two and rub the balves together. "If the moisture on rubbing is soft and liquid enough to drop, the potato will be soggy and set when cooked. Rub the halves briskly around on each other. A potato that will be dry and mealy when cooked will give out a good, rich froth, while a poor one will show only a watery froth by the same action. The pieces will stick to-gether if the potato is a good one. Of course the whole thing is to test the amount of starch in the potato, for the more starch the better the potato. If, however, a person intends to lay in a very large supply, for they are cheap now, the best

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"The lovers of music are as whimsical in their likes and dislikes as the non-musical people," remarked Mr. Edward T. Becker, an amateur musician. "The plane leads in the matter of the numbers of its devotees and probably always will. The violin comes next, and is constantly growirg in the number of admirers, and particularly among the ladies, who of late years have taken hold of it in unheardof numbers and enthusiasm. Then come the brass instruments, the cornet leading. The reed instruments, clarionettes, flageolets and bassoons are greatly in the minority, but those who do play them are very proud of them, though most musicians re gard them as nuisances, pure and simple. The guitar, banjo, mandolin, harp and instruments of that kind are not now and probably never will be regarded by musicians with the love and admiration that attaches to the piano and violin. Some evenings since at a musical party I heard a story which illustrates the likes and dislikes of musicians as well as anything

plan, of course, is to cook them, and there will be no chance of a mistake."

that I had ever heard.
"A rather prominent musician, though one of the very old-fashioned kind, a Scotchman, by the way, was one of those who were bored by a solo on a bassoon given by the host of the evening. At the conclusion of the performance, our Scotch friend was asked what he thought of th solo, and particularly what he thought of bassoons, a long-keyed wood pipe, like an exaggerated clarionette. He gave it promptly. 'It is only by the mercy of God,' he replied, 'that the thing don't smell.'"

"This is the off season as far as pleasure and small boats are concerned," answered ore of the captains who house boats for the winter down on the river front. An inspection of his boat house showed a number of pleasure crafts of al! kinds, dismantled, securely and snugly packed away. "The sailing and pleasure boats had a fine season," he continued, "even better than any that I have known of for over twenty years. There are more pleasure craft owned here now than for a number of years. They are, however, of a different class than in former years, in that, while they are more numerous, they are not so expensively con-structed. In former years pleasure craft were, as a rule, owned by clubs or organizations. Of late nearly all the good boats are owned and operated by individuals for the pleasure of their owners and friends."

"The old-fashioned carpet shaker, the old colored man who took carpets out to a vacant lot or a field on the suburbs and shook them and shook them, is a thing of the past, and much as we may regret his passing away, he has gone," said an experienced housekeeper. "In his place came along the machine carpet beater, which beats, even if it does not shake, carpets. Of course, the machine gets even more dirt out of the car-pet than cid the old man, who was generally assisted by one or two of his sons, and for that we have a right to be thankful, and many of us are; but the machine thrashes a carpet too much, and unless it is a very good carpet it cannot stand the beating it gets. Many housekeepers have experienced this, and while the carpet-beating machines are being improved upon constantly, they do not do the work that our favorite 'uncles' did."

"This country is now growing a larger part of the mustard put up in England as well as in this country," said a commercial man, "and California is raising the larger part of it. The mustard seed has just been harvested in California and probably will run up to 16,000,000 pounds, or 1,000,000 pounds more than the crop of 1895. The

seed is kept six months before being ground. The brown seed has the best flavor and greatest pungency, while the yellow produces the most oil. The English mustard fashionable, however, and as a result there are ten pounds of yellow produced for every pound of the brown, though the brown is stronger and better in every respect. Probably one-half of the English mustard that is used in this country grew in California, though it was ground and packed in Eng-land. French mustard is the same as other mustard, the seed being soaked in vinegar, properly spiced, for twenty-four hours before it is ground."

* * * * *
"There is more ignorance about cigars than about anything else which is so frequently purchased," said an agent for a cigar manufactory. "I find in my travels that the men who smoke the most and the best cigars know the least about them. The great majority of smokers buy on account of the flavor, rather than the tobacco that goes into them, and are as well satisfied with poor tobacco as with the best leaf so that the flavor is all right. With the manufacturer the flavor is very easily handled, for cigars can be flavored just as they desire. If they find that a certain flavor is catchy they keep it up until smokers tire of it and then they change. Though many of the cigar makers in Cuba use different tobaccos, there is a law among them as regards grades of tobacco, sizes, which they all religiously adhere to.

"Thus the Concha is always 4½ inches long. The Concha Fina is a better cigar, of better tobacco, though the same size. The Concha Especial is still finer in the grade of tobacco used and is larger in size. The Londres was the first style made popular in London. The Regalia, which means a present or gift, is always of a better grade of tobacco than either of the others named. The Regalia del Reys, or King Re-galias, are always packed fifty in a box, and cannot be had in Cuba in any other form. The Regalia Reinas, the Queen Regalias, are always smaller in size, while the Chicas are always packed two bundles the name indicates, is handsomer, finished better and of better tobacco than the Concha. The Regalia Britannica is a thick, heavy cigar, five inches long, and under the law of Cuba must weigh eighteen pounds to the thousand cigars. The Dames is small, as is also the Dames Imperiales, though of better tobacco.

"The Panetellas is long and slim and heavily pressed. The Non Plus Ultra is large and of the finest tobacco. The Contoda is always cut off at both ends, the Habanos always pointed and sharp. The Napoleons and Imperiales are very large fancy sizes, and are but little used. The Exceptionales are even larger, while the Opera is small, but 3½ inches. The Princess is similar in length, but thinner. What is known as a clear Hayana cigar means that the filler, binder and wrapper are of Hayana tobacco. A seed and Hayana cigar means Havana tobacco with a Con-necticut seed binder and wrapper. A clear seed cigar means all Connecticut tobacco. The five-cent cigar of today is even better than the ten-cent clgar of five years ago, leaving all questions of tariff and duty aside. Summatra tobacco is now very generally used for cigars for five-cent ci-gars, for the reason that it is thinner and easier worked than the Connecticut and Pennsylvania valley wrappers. The flavor is entirely a matter of manufacture, for the tobacco plays but little part in it any more.

* * * * *

A tandem bicycle and its riders attracted more than the usual amount of attention last Tuesday on E street, and the comments made by the onlookers were amus ing to all, except possibly the persons most interested. Around the corner flew the machine, propelled apparently by a flying Amazon, whose floating locks, set features and waving hat feather gave the appearance of readiness for a war-like encounter. may be well for the inexperienced to be Naturally, the public gaze was riveted upon her, as it was the time of the afternoon when the thoroughfare is most crowded, and every one was anxious to know why a solitary female should choose a tandem as a means of locomotion.

All heads were turned to follow her meteoric flight, and then for the first time It was seen that she had a companion. Perched behind her was her cavalier, but though a grown man, his proportions were so small in comparison with his magnificent companion's that he appeared to be merely an unnecessary appendage to her whirling machine, and in his efforts to "size up" with the rest of the procession he was stretching his neck in a perpetual effort to peer over her shoulder.
"That's the new woman with a ven-

geance," remarked one commentator nto his niblets," shouted the irreverent bootblack.

The club of young women that meets each week for an hour's discussion of the topics of the times and a two hours' course luncheon found itself provided with a ready-made subject when it was called to order last Wednesday.

"I always have been for McKinley," declared the wearer of the huge yellow chrysanthemum which bore the name of the successful candidate's wife, "ever since he so nobly declined the nomination in '88,' when he was pledged to Senator Sherman. That's my idea of disinterested fidelity to one's friends."

"Well," remarked an ardent Bonapartist, "I love him because he looks like Napoleon and because his eyes are deep-set just like his." "For my part," chirped up the senti-

mental maid who is always authority on the latest novels, "I don't think he has any characteristic as charming as his devotion to his invalid wife." "Pshaw!" retorted the member who was taking a course as a trained nurse, "any man with a human heart would do that, but not one man in a hundred can recite

'The Charge of the Light Brigade' as he did once when he was finishing a speech in Congress.' "He has been my candidate ever since l heard Mr. Bryan wore a paper collar," put in the stylish member, "or, at least, if it is not paper they say it must be cellu-

loid, and you know either is such wretched taste. "I don't care who won or who lost," sighed a rosy-cheeked damsel, whose blue eyes were temporarily clouded, "but I wish I had known when I bet that ten-pound box

of candy that I was on the losing side."
"I am sorry for Mr. Bryan," said the philanthropist, "for I always side with the weaker side, but they do say that Mrs. Bryan is strong-minded, and you all know that would never do."
"No, no, never," chorused the club, and

not a syllable was uttered about such trivial matters as the tariff and coinage. Little chairs and tables made of solid

gold and silver only an inch and a half high are the very latest novelties. These tiny objects are intended for ornaments in cabinets. Each one is a work of art. All the newest designs in furniture are represented by them. Round, square and oddshaped tables having one or more extra shelves are exactly like the real ones in miniature. Arm chairs, garden seats, plain chairs of any shape you can think of are reproduced in every detail.

Kitchen utensils also serve as models for these exquisite trifles. Frying pans, saucepans, gridirons and other pots are made exactly after the pattern of those in every day use. Water pitchers of all shapes a watering pots are among the prettiest. Garden tools are also represented. Hoes, rakes and other implements make as cun ning little ornaments as the heart could

The most elaborate of these ingenious novelties is a hobby horse, made exactly like those sold in toy shops and intended for children to ride. The workmanship in all of them is of the daintiest possible. They are entirely new, and will be used as favors for germans this winter.

Never Agnin.

From Pearson's Weekly. "I'll never ask another woman to marry me so long as I live." "Refused?"

MRS. BOWSER'S INNINGS

Written for The Evening Star by M. Quad. "Mr. Bowser," began Mrs. Bowser the other evening as the pair sat reading and the family cat purred softly on the hearth rug, "do you know that you have got to make a radical change in some of your little ways or I shall know the reason why?" "W-what!" gasped Mr. Bowser, as he

looked and then rubbed his eyes as if wondering whether he was awake or dreaming. "For instance," she continued, "I want you to keep out of the kitchen and stop

being a hen-hussy. You are always poking around there and bothering the cook, and I -you are talking to me!" whis-

pered Mr. Bowser, looking at her in the strangest sort of way. "Yes, sir, I am talking to you! You found fault with the meat tonight. Don't do it again! I buy the meat, and what's good enough for me is good enough for you. If you don't like my table you can go to a restaurant!" go to a restaurant!"

Mr. Bowser opened his eyes and mouth and stared at her. Was it Mrs. Bowser's Was this his wife who had permitted herself to be bluffed and brow-beaten on a hundred occasions when he felt "off" and wanted to take it out of some one? He pinched his leg; he reach-ed up and stroked his nose. Yes, he was awake, and that was Mrs. Bowser, and she was giving him "sass." He must sit down on her at once and with the utmost

emphasis.
"Mrs. Bowser-woman!" he shouted, as he sprang to his feet-"What on earth do you mean by such language? Do you

know who you are talking to?" "Sit right down, Mr. Bowser," she quietly replied as she looked him in the eye.
"I know who I am talking to. My lanall right. You are spending gether too much money in cigars, billiards and at the club. I am wearing a pair of darned stockings because I have to econo-mize, while you think nothing of throw-ing away ten dollars a week. After this you come down to two-!

"By the great horn spoon, but—"
"It's no use, Mr. Bower!" she interrupted. "We are not talking about horn spoons or any other sorf of spoons. In looking over my closet today I found a lot of your collars and socks in there. They are on the floor in front of your dresser, together with cuffs, neckties, shirts and vests. When upstairs you either put them away you go upstairs you either put them a or I'll throw them out of the window! have no more order than a pig, and I've got tired taking care of your things. I notice you are wearing a new pair of shoes must have cost \$7 or \$8, while you have two or threee half-worn pairs in the house. I must buy \$3 shoes in order to economize, and wear them until my toes stick out. There must be a change, Mr. He was looking at her, his face white and

red by turns, and his eyes bulging out as if a ghost stood before him. "And another thing," she went on, "this buying patent medicines and gimeracks has got to come to an end. If your stomach can't get along without a new brand of sarsaparilla or bitters every two or three days, with somebody's sirup or pills for your liver between times, you'd better go to bed and die decently. The money which you throw away on such stuff would buy

all my clothes."

Mr. Bowser tried to get out of his chair, but his knees were so weak that he couldn't stand up. He tried to speak, but his tongue seeemed to be nailed fast. Mrs. Bowser ooked him over and then said:

"I was looking into your dresser today and I noticed a bottle of hair dye. The idea of an old man like you, with a bald spot on top of your head, dyeing your hair and trying to deceive the public! Every time vou see me use a powder rag vou sneer about it, and yet you buy hair dye and have probably been to some "madame" to have your wrinkles removed! Are you fixing to frisk around as a gay old Lotha

"Wo-wo-" That was all. He couldn't get a whole word out, while his face was so red that Mrs. Bowser feared a stroke of apoplexy. she had more to say, however.

"Every now and then you threaten me with a divorce case and talk about my going home to mother. If you want divorce, why don't you apply for it? I have a deed of this house and lot, and as for my going home to mother, or going anywhere else, don't you worry! I pro-pose to stay right here. If any one leaves it will be you! The idea of a man getting up and browbeating and buildozing as most of them do! Their wives ought to sit down on them like a ton of brick! There's another thing, while I think of it! have been interfering with my manage-ment of the house. I want you to stop it. When I don't know how to manage a couple of servants I'll send in my resignation on a postal card. You told the last cook that you were sorry she had to work so hard, and you hinted that I was too hard on her, but she came right to me and called you an old polly-wolly and quit at a day's

Mr. Bowser wasn't quite dead, but a glance at him would have satisfied any one that he was on his last legs. "That's about all for this evening," said Mrs. Bowser, as she rose up, "but we may resume tomorrow night. I shall be quite busy for the next two hours, Mr. Bowser, and if any one calls you can say I'm out. In case you so desire, my law yer will see your lawver in the morning Good night, Mr. Bowser-good night. Stay! If you have toothache during the night don't come howling around to wake me up. Any man who doesn't know enough to take care of his feet on a wet day deserves to have several kinds of ache. Remember—I'm not at home to any one."

And when she had gone Mr. Bowser opened and shut his eyes-opened and shut his fingers-crossed and recrossed his legs-stood up and sat down. It was no use, however. He couldn't make it out. He had either fallen off the roof of a house or tumbled down a deep and had been half killed or half drowned. By and by he crept upstairs and tumbled into bed, and two hours later, when Mrs. Bowser looked in on aim, there was a scared look around his mouth, and a curl to his back hair, although he was sound asleep. Mr. Bowser had simply been done

Not Booked for a Long Stay.

From Truth. Clergyman-"Madame, be consoled by the

thought that your husband has gone where here is no night."

Widow-"If he has, he won't stay long."

difficult matter to provide for very difficult matter, indeed."

A MODERN TANTALUS.

What He Would Like to Eat and

What He Did Eat. As a rule this particular Star man has home to go to and somebody to look after his comfort and his checks, but oc-casions will sometimes arise when he is thrown out upon the cold charity of an unfeeling world. This is invariably the case in the summer time, when he is so deprived of his advantages that he has to scout around and pick up a meal of victuals wherever he can find a place open. It must be confessed that it is dull shucking, but it would be a great deal duller

if he were the only summer widower in town. He isn't, and, therefore, his misery finds that which misery always loves. These few prefatory remarks will explain why the reporter should have been in a restaurant at meal time. As he sat thinking what a dreadful world this would be if there were no women in it, his atten-tion was attracted by a man who seemed to be glad that he could eat in a restaurant at any time. He had taken his seat and picked up the menu with the air of a person who had happened upon a good thing not unexpectedly. The waiter paid such attention to him as a waiter always pays to a guest who is unknown to him.

The guest looked up from the menu and paddle at the such as the such nodded at the waiter.
"What would you like to have, sir?" ob-

served the waiter with a fair degree of "Well," and the guest looked over the card with extreme unction, "I'd like to have a bottle of champagne, copious and

chilly; a liberal quantity of lobster a la Newberg; a bit of chicken salad on the side; a—um—er—let me see—a—"

It was the first chance the walter had to break in. "Wait a minute, suh," he begged with the greatest politeness and manner, "wait

minute, suh, till I gits de—"
The guest held up his hand restraining-

"No," he said, "I don't know what you are going to get, but don't get it. You asked me what I'd like to have to eat and I was merely telling you. What I will have is very different." And the reporter remained long enough

to notice that it was. EXPLAINING IT.

The Mythology Was a Little Confused, but the Moral Was There.

The man who, with his small son, was looking over the collection of statuary, did not really know all about the different works of art that came under their notice. But he was careful not to allow the fact to become any more conspicuous than was absolutely necessary. They paused before a figure of Atlas.

"Who is that, father?" the boy inquired. "I don't exactly remember his name," was the guarded answer.

"But what did he do?"
"Well, it's quite a story. It's a lesson about being too selfish and acquisitive. This man lived ever so many years ago, when making money was a good deal easier than it is now. He got along first-rate, but he was never satisfied. He wanted more. He started in by owning all the farms next to his, and, by and by, he became the proprietor of one or two sites for suburban towns and several banks and many other things. But he wasn't contented. So, one vening, when he was figuring up a sum in compound interest. Jove appeared to him and said that he was tired of hearing his constant complaints, and that if he would make up his mind what he really wanted, he'd hustle around and get it for him." "That was nice, wasn't it?

"That's what the mortal thought. He rubbed his hands together, and said: 'Here's what I call a first-class opening for a live man, and I'm not going to let it get away from me.' So he summed it all up in a "Did he get it. father?"

'Yes, Willie; he got it. And if you'll notice carefully you'll see where. As soon as his neck began to get tired he tried to beg off, but Jove wouldn't have it, and ever since that day his case has stood as a terrible warning to human beings not to be too anxious to overreach their fellow

HEADED HIM OFF.

The Purchaser's Ire Got Lost in a There was an air of resolution about the man with a bundle, which boded trouble for the clerk in a local jewelry store. The young man behind the counter, however, was as effusive and debonnair in his greetings as if there had been a big order in

prospect. "Lovely day, isn't it?" he said with a genial inflection which almost thawed the icy determination in the visitor's face. "I thought it would be mice weather by this time, although it did seem threatening ear-

"Young man," was the solemn rejoinder, 'I'm not competent to draw comparisons between this and other days. I'm not sure know what day of the week this is. I've een trying to tell time by this clock, which bought from you, and I could make an iffidavit that we're not laboring at our house under the impression that it is this afternoon when in reality it's day before yesterday evening." "You mean, I suppose, that the clock

"That's precisely the condition of affairs. It's persistently in too big a hurry to get around the track and start in for another 'Can you give me any idea of how much

it varies?" "As nearly as I can observe it gains one hour out of every twelve. Time is money with me, and I can't afford to waste it making elaborate calculations every day to discover whether I'm overdue at the office or getting up in the morning before I've had eight hours' sleep."
"My dear sir," said the clerk, "you are

one of these people who are lucky without realizing it. You've drawn a prize. Are you a business man?"
"No, I'm not."

"Then maybe you won't appreciate it, and we'll have to change it for you. But I hate to spoil a good thing. You say the clock gains one hour to every twelve?"
"Well, sir, a gain of one on twelve is a

profit of no less than eight and one-third per cent. That's a mighty big return these hard times. Of course, if you insist on it we'll change it, but you must admit that this incident goes to show that it's a very difficult matter to provide for all tastes-a

SILAS, THE BAG OF CHESTNUTS AND THE GREEDY CHICKEN. From Harper's Bazar.













"No," said the man with the firm jaw, in one of the rear seats of the smoking car, "I am not going to stop smoking cigarettes. What's more, I'm going to have a large green and yellow sign painted to that effect, and prominently display it on my carcass at all hours of the day and night. I am n-o-t going to stop smoking cigarettes. I am n-e-v-e-r going to stop smoking cigarettes. I am going to go right on smoking 'em until I am dead and buried, and I'll continue to smoke 'em afterward, if I have a show. Know they hurt me? Certainly I know they hurt me! I want to be hurt. I hanker to be hurt. I've been smoking 'em for twenty years, and they've

been going right on hurting me every day.

"Do you observe this short, sharp cough of mine? Well, it's a cigarette cough. I have it all the time. It is growing on me. It keeps me awake at night. Look pale? Certainly I look pale? And yellow—don't you suppose I can see that I am yellow without being told of it? I suppose the cathode rays would show about four pounds of concentrated cigarette nicotine scattered about my system. But, say, you won't happen to ever forget, will you, that it is my system and my nicotine, my pallor, my yellowness, and my cough, and that I make it a point only to burn cigarettes paid for out of money that I earn myself? No? Thanks! Your preliminary remarks as to my smoking cigarettes led me to think otherwise. Now, as to that other question of yours: Why don't I stop smoking cigarettes?

"Because I don't purpose being bulldozed if I can help it, that's why. I suppose that, on the average, I have had the same question put to me at least ten times a day for the past ten years, and I have declined to answer it just that many times for the same number of years. The honor is yours of causing me to break the rule for the first time. Quite aside, then, from the fact that I smoke cigarettes because I love to smoke cigarettes, because I just fairly revel in smoking cigarettes, because I extract the most delirious kind of delight from the the most delirious kind of delight from the smoking of cigarettes. I smoke cigarettes, and shall never cease smoking cigarettes, because, with the addiction to cigarettes, I have also become addicted to the idea that it is my own confounded, blithering, blurdy-crunched business as to whether I blurdy-crunched business as to whether I kill myself off in my own way, immediately, at the present fleeting instant of time, or whether I protract the job perennially

through unnumbered days.
"I am a martyr to this idea. I should have quit smoking 'em ten years ago if people like you had attended to their own gugglyswinked affairs. But they wouldn't. They all wanted to hector and bullyrag me into it. It didn't work. It didn't go. It hasn't worked or gone down to the preser nfinitesimal part of a second, and it never will. I like to hear these people emit vocal noises. I like to hear 'em lisp, to hear their heads roar. But I'll be mud-hammed if I'm going to let them think they can stampede me into a panic and wipe me off the face of the map every time they exude scunds on the cigarette question. Not much!

"Cigarettes disagreeable to other people! Of course they are. That's one of the chief reasons why I smoke them. Strong men who are not used to them turn faint who are not used to them turn faint when they smell them. They have an outrageous smell. So has patchouly. So has musk. So has a deceased dog. Now, you, for in-stance, have been drinking cheap whisky. If there is anything on this dun-colored footstool that smells more abominable

'enth street!" said the conductor, and The Star man was compelled to get off the car without waiting to see whether it developed into a scrap.

HER SANGUINE VIEW.

Love Passage That Was Overheard in a Theater.

They were at one of the Washington theaters Monday night, occupying seats in that part of the house indicating that either some of her kin or some of his, or some good friend to both of them who wanted to see the course of true love run smoother than tradition hath it, owned a window where a bill could be stuck up, thus insuring a lithograph ticket for two. Who the young maiden of the story is the but he has seen her in attendance at a certain academy where typewriting is taught and she is about old enough now to spell love with all capital letters. The young happens to know, receives as much as

eight dollars a week.

Immediately about them there wasn't anybody sitting until after the second act. when the chronicler happened to drop into the theater, and incidentally fell into the seat back of these two, and they were so absorbed in themselves that they wouldn't have known it if a meteor weighing forty 'leven tons had banged through the roof and dropped into the seat behind them. "I love you so much, darling; so much," was the gentle whisper which first called

the attention of the chronicler to some thing that was ever so much more interesting than what was going on on the stage It came from the young man in the most rapturous tones.

"How much, darling," she cooed back at him, in the very faintest little coo. "Forty million dollars' worth," he answered, after the extravagant fashion of

"Sure?" she twittered softly, so softly the chronicler could scarcely hear, and felt shamed of himself for trying to. "More than forty-nine hundred millions' worth," he murmured, slipping his hand over and taking hers, under the program.

One could see her holding his hand as

intensely as he was holding hers.
"Oh, Harry," she exclaimed; "that makes
you a multi-millionaire, doesn't it, and we can go right away next week and get mar-Upon which the chronicler thought it

was about time he quit acting as an ac-complice, and he coughed close at the back of the two heads in a manner to curl the

FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

A Client Makes a Speech That Wins His Case at Once.

"I went into a country district in Maryland a few days ago, to try a case," said a Washington attorney to a Star reporter. "I appeared for the plaintiff, and it must e confessed that the evidence failed to establish his claim. I presented the matter before the justice of the peace in the best light I knew how, but had very little hope of securing a verdict. My client, when I finished, whispered to me that he would say a few words if I was willing, and considering the case lost, I consented. It was the most unique speech I ever heard, and it won the case. He said:

''Squ.re, I brought this suit, and the evidence, except my own, is against me. I don't accuse any one of lying, 'squire, but the witnesses are the most mistaken lot of fellows I ever saw. You know me, 'squire. Two years ago you sold me a hor ound, that was blind as a bat. I made the trade and stuck to it, and this is the first time I have mentioned it. When you used to buy grain, you stood on the scales when the empty wagon was weighed, but I never said a word Now, do you think I am the kind of a man to kick up a rumpus and sue a fellow unless he has do wrong? It took just five minutes for the justice to decide for the plaintiff."

A GOOD DOG. .

He Was Not Much of a Hunter, but Had Other Good Points. "Last summer I boarded a month in a country house in the mountains of Virginia," said a department clerk to a Star reporter.

"The favorite member of the family was

a dog. He was a yeliow mongrel, and seemingly fit for nothing on earth but to distribute fleas. I have never seen a dog so badly afflicted with those nimble insects. His entire time, except when he was eating, appeared to be occupied in biting But the man of the house almost idolized the worthless animal "Thet air th' bes' dawg in Virginny," the old man said one evening.
"Is he a good rabbit dog?" I asked.

"Naw, 'e ain' wuth much on rabbits." "Naw, I never tried 'im." "Rats?" "'E's too big."

"What is he good for, then?"
"E's th' bes' flea dawg I ever seed, and they is powerful bad hyar-see 'im catch 'em," and the dog certainly did catch three A NERVY YOUTH.

When He Called on the Father of His Only Love. No man knows until he tries it what it is in this world wins, and the last man

to find it out, as far as this writing goes, is a young man who, if he doesn't live in Washington, lives close enough to it to ride a bicycle out and back every morning. He's a pretty sharp sort of a chap, too, and he is coming to the front like a steamboat with all the horse power turned on. At the same time he was persona non grata to the father of the young woman whom he had determined should be the partner of all his future joys, and sorpartner of all his future joys, and sorrows, if they insisted on coming in, which they usually do. Just why papa didn't like him neither he nor the daughter could telle and the fact is, they never tried very hard to find out, for they had a half way notion that he thought the young man was after her money and proposed to spend

it in reach. As to that part, the girl was willing enough, and she liked the young fellow and didn't care, for she believed he would make a barrel more.

was after her money and proposed to spend it as fast as he could, when once he got

Last month our youth journeyed to the New England town where the girl and her pa live and went at once to see the old 'Um," said the old fellow, when the case

had been fully stated to him, "so you want to marry my daughter."
"That's what I'm here for, sir," said "What's that? What's that?" and the father looked black. "I beg your pardon. What I meant was, that I had come up here to ask you for

"Did you know, sir, she is a very rich "No," and he looked as if he were an ignoramus. "Is that so? Well, I thought she is unusually attractive, somehow or

The old man winced. "Yes, sir," he said stiffly. "She's worth at least \$500,000."
"Well, my friend," said the youth with more gall than he thought he could sum up in a thousand years, "don't worry about that. She won't be after she's been

Ordinarily this kind of an answer would have made any kind of a cake dough, but, as before announced, no man knows what it is that wins, till he tries, and when this reply struck the girl's father it made him laugh—and then—well, after that it was eas, enough, and the wedding will take place soon enough for a trip to Europe in May.

A HASTY ASSUMPTION.

Indignation of a Husband That Went Entirely to Waste.

The Washington man had very little to say during the time between his arrival home from business and the dinner hour. As he and his wife sat down, she remarked "I suppose you made some bets on the

"Yes," he answered, testily, "I made some bets on the election, and what is more, I lost every one of them."

She raised her eyes, fixed them on him with a strong expression of disapproval, and said, rather sharply: "I told you so-"

"Of course you told me so. That's the historic 'last word' that every woman is privileged to have whenever a man makes mistake. There was only one time when a man was not compelled to hear a woman say 'I told you so,' and that was in the Garden of Eden before Eve was made. It's Garden of Eden before Eve was made. It's very easy, after it's all over, to assume an air of superiority and behave as if you knew it all the time. I didn't mean to show the slightest feeling, whichever way it went. I said to you that I was going to keen perfectly cool, and here I've been irriskeen perfectly cool, and here I've been i e looked squarely at him and deliber-

ately repeated:
"I told you so—"
"There it is again!" he shouted. "I heard

you the first time. You don't have to put ditto marks under it. I suppose you're afraid that I find sackcloth and ashes so comfortable that I'll forget why I'm wear ng them. Now, I'm not going to say another word. You can taunt me as much as you please; you won't have the satisfaction f hearing another protest.

She went on in the same monotonous tone:
"I told you so often, Henry, not to wear
a red necktie with a Prince Albert coat. That is all I was going to say. I don' anything about your financial ventures except, of course, that I like to see them succeed. But I do wish you'd try to re member about that red necktie."

An Exchange.







THIRST ON THE PLAINS

Old John Hance had taken three of us down his trail in the Grand Canon one hot day, and we were preparing a meager lunch under the mesquite boughs. I had brought up a pail of water from the tawnycolored river, and the lieutenant's wife, a dainty young eastern woman, peered at it

through her glasses. "Are you going to drink that?" "Certainly," I replied. "That water will settle in a few moments so that you can almost see the bottom of the dipper.'

"That's only good, wholesome diet," the lieutenant said. "I wish I could be assured of always having as good water as that to drink. Sometimes when we are on the march we have water that is corrupt with carrion The little wife shuddered, "Oh, Harry, you

didn't tell me that before."
"Well, sir," said Capt. Hance to the lieutenant, "speaking of bad water reminds me of a trip I made in 1866. I was guide to old Col. Bankhead in an expedition against the Cheyennes, and we was acrossin' a mighty bad country. I just recken you sin't got anything worse in reckon you ain't got anything worse in Arizony, lieutenant. There was no water Arizony, lieutenant. There was no water fit to drink for plum two hundred miles, but that makes no difference to the government. The general he looks at his map and he says: 'Order Col. Bankhead to pro-ceed from Deathhead creek to Pizen val-ley, an' do hit quick.' an' colonel being a good soldier, hits leather, an' says: 'Come on boys''

on, boys!"
"You see there was a small garrison up there at Cheyenne wells a needin' our aid, and needin' it right bad. So we let out anand needin' it right bad. So we let out another link and pinted their way. The water was punishin'. We had to drink water that was stinkin'. That was bad—but a day or two later water that only stunk wasn't worth shettin' your eyes to. When it come to haulin' out dead buffalos—beg your parden. We Scott-why we thought we'd don, -Mrs. Scott-why we thought we'd reached the limit, but when it come to usin' water that you could take hold of an' shake like a blanket—" "Oh, captain," I shouted.

He turned gravely toward me. "Yes, sir-certainly, sir! Shake like a blanket when yer dipped it up. Of co'se we biled it and rebiled it, and skimmed it like yer would suet and thickened it with coffee—but we had to drink hit at last. Hit were skunk at the beginnin' and skunk at

"Well, sir, we got one day, as I calc'lated it, about fifteen miles from the Cheyenne wells, an' I said so to the colonel on the quiet-'cause I wasn't just so plum shore of it as I wanted to be. I didn't want to get the men excited. Their tongues lolled out so they couldn't cuss, but they could sure shoot, an' it wouldn't do to monkey with their feelings. No, in-deed, ma'am. You know how those things go, lieutenant. There is a line where dis

The lieutenant said he understood, and the young wife looked at him with big blue eyes. This soldiers' life! "'Well, now, John,' said the colonel. You ride on and pull in a good hour ahead of us, and tell the commanding officer to have everything that will hold water filled up, for these boys are sure goin' to stam-pede when they smell water, and ride like hell a-swarin', and I can't control 'em.

cipline stops."

They'll climb over each other like a drove 'I understand, colonel,' I says, and then I pulled out across the sand. My life and soul! but it was hot. Something like it is right here, lady, only worse. I could hear the red-hot iron hiss and sputter off my horse's shoes, but I rolled the rowel into him cruel and we kep' movin'. Seems like I held him up with my heels and the

was up to his eyes in water an the ser-geant splashed me with a nucket full. But that water was sweet. I couldn't get near enough of it. I wanted it all inside of me.
"Well, after I could shet my teeth on the outside o' my tongue I delivered the col-onel's orders. They hustled together all the old cans, tubs and barrels and filled em to the brim, and every man stood ready I laid there soakin' water, and my horse walked like a carpenter's bench "Pretty soon we see a line of alkali a-flyin' on the swell, an' then they come aflyin'-but no yells. They couldn't yell-and their eyes. Lady, I hope you'll never They and their eyes. Lady, I hope you'll never see a troop of soldiers look that way. The horses had nostrils on 'em like the basshorn in a brass band a reckin' with sweat an' dust, an' a-squealin' like they was plum crazy. The men were leanin' for-ward and a pound!n' for life- seemed like

their necks was a foot long.
"They tumbled into one hidgous mass at the wells. Such a struggle I never want to see again. There was 'bout twen-ty round every bar'l fightin' the horses tack and tearin' at each other like wild cats. One feller who couldn't get up, and didn't have a cup, leaned over, and bein' a tall feller, took off his shoe and dipped and drank out o' that. Hit was powerful funny to see, but nobody else noticed it

but me. They were shore busy.
"They got filled up finally and let the horses have a chance, and that night the old colonel says to me, 'John, no use tryin' to put out pickets. You and the sergeant just keep an eye out, an' we'll let the boy camp around the water bar'ls an' trust to

The boys was just plum drunk on water—water drunk. They yelled and grunted and cussed in their delight. Cheyennes couldn't ha' got 'em to leave camp. All night long you'd see a clump o' men round a bar'l a-drinkin' an' a-gruntin'—'Oh, that's good!' and such like things. They were shore 'nough cotton dry, an' it did seem like they never would get soaked up aginbut they was all right in a couple of days.
"So jest get all the comfort ye can out o' the water ye have back in the states. Prize it. It's the sweetest thing in the world when ye need it-especially in Ori-

And the burning sand, the withering wind and the sere foliage around us, lent powerful emphasis to his tale. The little wife laid her hand on her husband's arm, and her eyes grew very thoughtful.
HAMLIN GARLAND.

EMBARRASSING SUCCESS.

He Won His Election Bets, but Was Still Unhappy. The hand which the enthusiastic friend had grasped hung limp and unresponsive. "Why," exclaimed the political rejoicer, "I thought you were among the people who were throwing their hats into the air and singing songs of victory over the way

the election turned out." "I was, until this morning," Mr. Blykins replied, without relaxing the expression of gloom which had startled his acquaintance. "Did you risk any money?"

"A little." "But you must have won. Things came your way, you know."

"I have been instructed in a grand and solemn truth, and that is that there is no acter. Even when I win I'm worse off than when I lose." "Does your conscience trouble you about such things?"

"No. It isn't my conscience, It's my self-respect. I am clinging to a desire to hold up my head in the community, and say that I am a reasoning creature; that my parents didn't utterly waste the tax-payers' good money when they sent me to the public schools.

"You must have been betrayed into some very remarkable complication "I am ashamed to look my friends in the face, and whenever I see a stranger I'm scared half to death for fear he is the fool killer. In the delirium of the campaign I was ready to bet on 'most anything for a while. I risked all the money I could afford to lose, and when a man came at me with a proposition by which the winner should be wheeled around Washington in a wheelbarrow I took him up. I did it be

fore I thought, and I was sorry for it in mediately after." "Well, you wen that bet, along with the Yes. And my opponent is coming around with the wheelbarrow next Monday to take me out for a spin. He says it's a legal contract, and he stands ready to fulfill his share of it. He's a mercenary wretch, and he says he won't let me off for a cent less than \$75."

No Wonder He Was Begging.

From the Buffalo Times. "Can any of you tell me why Lazarus was a beggar?" said a teacher in a West Side Sunday school. "Why was Lazarus a

beggar?" she repeated, sternly.
"Please, ma'am," replied a small boy
whose father was a merchant, "because he didn't advertise."